



## THE ELF AND THE CRICKET.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

### *The Elfin Interviewer.*

HOPE you 're well, dear Mr. Cricket.  
Let me say why I have come?  
I 'm the special correspondent  
Of the Pixie's *Morning Drum*.  
Sir, your singing makes you famous—  
As a vocalist you rank.  
Let 's begin at the beginning.  
Were you born upon this bank?

### *The Field Cricket.*

On that point my recollection  
Is a melancholy blank.

### *The Elfin Interviewer.*

'T is a pity! But have patience—  
Please don't stir from where you sit.  
We 'll discuss your voice-production  
For the reader's benefit.  
Piercing notes you 're heard to utter;  
It 's the popular surmise  
That your lungs must be of leather,  
And of quite abnormal size.

### *The Field Cricket.*

A mistake. I do my chirping  
With my active little thighs.

### *The Elfin Interviewer.*

Thanks; I 've taken down your answer,  
Which surprises me, I own,  
Though the *Drum* is used to marvels.  
Tell me, do you live alone?  
Or is there a Mrs. Cricket?  
Are there baby crickets, too?

If so, kindly state how many,  
And I 'll feel obliged to you.

### *The Field Cricket.*

I 've a wife and seven children;  
And we bring them up on dew.

### *The Elfin Interviewer.*

*Upon dew.*—There, that is written.  
Now it 's time for you to speak  
Of your private tastes and hobbies.  
Do you football once a week?  
Rumor says that you 're *athletic*.  
Place reserve upon the shelf,  
And I 'll faithfully report you,  
On the honor of an elf.

### *The Field Cricket.*

Well, I certainly love *jumping*,—  
As you 'll notice for yourself!

[He escapes further questions by a series of  
tremendous leaps.

